



Under the blue sun



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Chapter 1 by Ines Messaoudi

By now, I've learned that it was considered rude to stare at people's faces so I kept my eyes on the floor. The smooth earthen ground of the alley was a pale red that turned a flaming copper under the baking noon sun, somehow I liked it, it made me feel warm and loose, something I couldn't say about the callous asphalt streets back home, I could almost feel the stiff frost around my limbs melting as I walked down the alley. I liked this city; empty, deprived and hostile as it was, I may even end up loving it, though I knew it would never love me back.

Aswan is only a harsher version of the cities I knew before, places that from the very first second, judges you, and then gives you the permanent label of an unwelcomed stranger.

Write a draft for chapter 2 of 8

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